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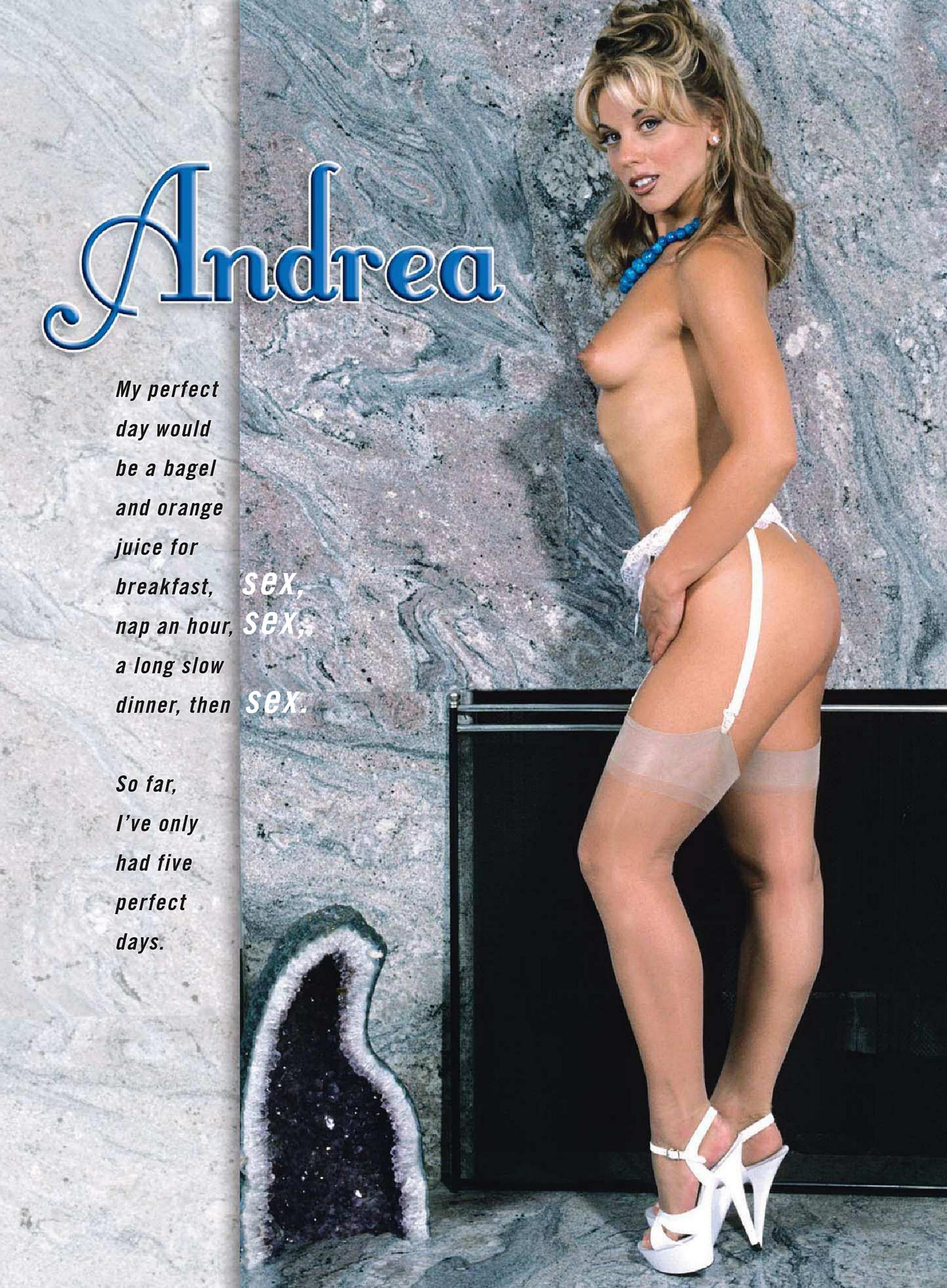




































"Call me now and let's hook up. I love long walks on the beach, candlelit dinners and a big hard cock in my pussy. I like young men, older men, any man who's over eighteen. Call me now!

































Call me now at **888-597-2739** and I'll tell you more stories of sex and debauchery that were passed down to me.











LIVE ACTION

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40+

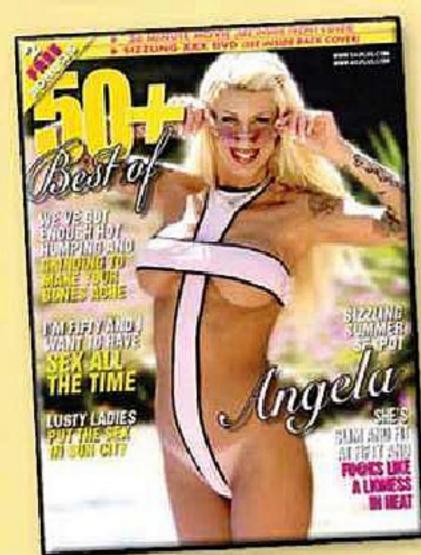
This is the magazine that brings you hot women in the prime of their sex lives. These are the women who now want to have it all for themselves.



30+ MILF **PRESENTS**

The hottest MILFs on the planet show you why they're the most sought-after love bunnies. They've done it all and now they are ready to do it to you, too.

50 +Don't let their age fool you. It's good to be hot and horny at 50. These sexy seniors steam up the pages with their hot, unabashed eroticism and sensuality.





NASTY HOUSEWIVES PRESENTS

When the cat's away, the bad girls come out to play. Meet some of the nastiest and wildest women who want to fuck you with no holes barred!





EROTIC FILM GUIDE PRESENTS

Your choice of super-sexy and super-slutty leggy wives that will rock you. Or when it's a hot butt you're after, just make a late night booty call.

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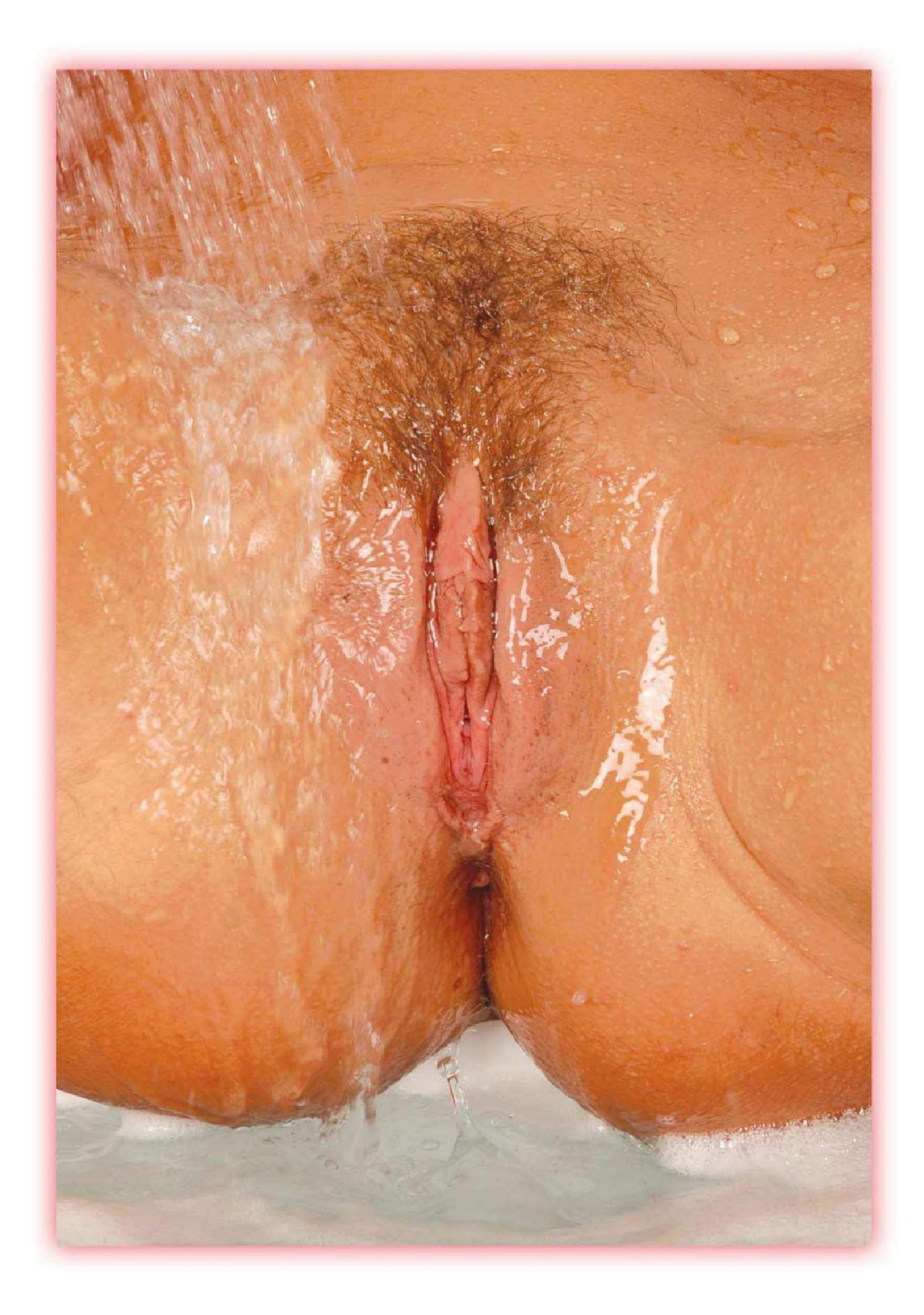




Deck the halls and the shower stalls with Holley. She's a clean girls and likes to show off how clean she can be. She's going to get all spruced up in her Sunday best and look her adorable best. For starters, look at her amazing body for forty-two and her gorgeously firm breasts and pert nipples.

30-40**0101b'cow** ghegk ng onlyal







There'sd also her slightly slutty demeanor that always hides until the right moment. Holley tries to play quiet and shy but is quite the unshy type. She loves to be herself and whatever that is, it's really hot and sexy. Agree?



Lately she's been seen about town on the arm of a famous entertainer. Her attitude is every woman for herself, especially if she looks like Holley. If a guy has something to offer, Holley is willing to accept.

Is there someting you want to offer to this precocious lady? If so, it's only a phone call away. Here's her number.

800-495-7466 over 18 only.











Nords for Mords for Marketines

Hello Mistress Oralee,

Just wanted to drop you a line

– from one mistress to another.

I'm an Asian-American dominatrix working in Las Vegas.

I have been doing it for more than eight years, and, frankly, I love it. I don't know if you are a dominatrix too or just use the title, but no matter...

I just want to tell you a little story about one of my clients, and perhaps you can help me with him. I have never been confronted with such a situation before and do not know how to handle it. Normally I would keep my business and personal lives separated, but now I am confused.

As you may be aware, there are many men who come through Las Vegas on conventions and vacations. I have one gentleman from Detroit that visits me regularly. He is an avid gambler and comes into town every month without fail

– gambles a bit and visits me, usually on the weekend. This has been going on for a couple years now, and I think I am starting to fall for him.

He is the first client I have had any sort of feelings for. I do have an occasional boyfriend, but nothing serious at this time. My client, call him Jim, is pretty normal when it comes to the fetish stuff. He likes a little bondage, a little whipping with the cat-o-nines. He is in great shape and seems to be a gentle man. He'll pay a extra for a happy ending, but does not ask for it very often. He says he is not married, over 50 years old, has a couple grown kids, and is a retired auto exec. This is more than I know, or want to know, about my other clients.

One night, he came to see me and asked



To all my fans, I hope you'll keep writing so I can read your sexy letters. I love you guys – Mistress Oralee.

if we could just talk and I agreed. Jim told me about losing his pension and over half of his 401k. He said he still had plenty on money, but the gambling would have to stop as would his trips to Las Vegas. He was sad and humbled and it touched me. He was always so much fun and a willing slave. Now the economy has saddened him, and me for him. I went home that night and thought about him. He stayed on my mind for a few days and wondered if I was starting to like him or it was just our little talk that got to me. I decided I liked him and want to get to know him more outside of our current meetings.

It's been two months that I have not heard from him and I'm wondering if he is okay. He gave no indication he would not come back to town. I have his email address but have not cont-

I need to hear from an impartial source. Have you been in a scene like this? Tell me, please!

- Mistress Lee, NV

Dear Mistress Lee,

You are in a true predicament. I have not been in a scene like this. I have liked some of my clients and even befriended a couple after I stopped mistressing. But to get that seriously involved with one — no!

To me, it seems that any man who visits a dominatrix, especially for any long period of time, has real issues. There are the experimenters and wannabes who come and go, but the long term clients come with a lot of baggage.

You did not say in your letter if you think he has any feel-ings for you, other than the feel of your whip. One evening of talking is not enough of

an indicator. And not contacting you

– even for his normal session – might
just mean he has moved on. In today's
economy, money is not that easy to
come by and older people are becoming
very guarded about how they spend it.
The good old days are over for a while.

My best advice, dear lady, is to email him and see if you get a response. Just make it very light-hearted note and don't say anything about your feelings. Ask if he'll be coming out to Las Vegas again soon. If you get a response, read it carefully and don't put in any words that are not there. If you do not get a response in a proper amount of time, then assume he has moved on or was not the person you thought he was. Either way, it is probably best not to get deeply involved with the people who come to you for whippings. — O

To Mistress Oralee,

I won't mince any words. I think my husband, Bill, has an internet porn addiction. Correct that, he *does* have an internet porn addiction. We are both in our early fifties and recently got a computer for the house. My husband uses one for work at the car dealership, but we only recently, no thanks to our kid, got one at home. We had felt for years that we missing out on all the computer could be and Bobby gave us his after he graduated college. He came over one day and set it up in the study.

My husband showed me how to use it and how to surf the web. I have plenty to do so I don't use, or need it that often. But Bill will have dinner after work and go right into the study and turn it on. I see him browse at the news and some sports stuff and then turn in for bed after an hour or so. At first I did not think anything of it, but Bill started to get frisky at night instead of going to sleep, One time he even stared undressing me in my sleep. Normally we have sex once a month or so, but he's asking for sex at least once a week.

One night after saying no to him, I rolled over and pretended to go to sleep. After about fifteen minutes I felt him get up and leave the bedroom. I went out after a few minutes and discovered him in the study watching porn on the computer. Since we do not have any adult movies in the house, I assumed it was from the internet. I went back to bed and after about a half-hour I felt him climb back in. I did not sleep the rest of that night thinking about what I had just seen.

Over the next couple weeks, the same thing was happening. I would feel him leave the bed after he thought I was asleep and go to the study. Some of the nights I would go see him watching the videos and jerking off. I slumped back to bed not believing what was happening. The next evening over dinner, I

confronted him about it. He was really embarrassed and really shocked that I knew. He stumbled over his words trying to explain. I sat there waiting for the right words to come out but none did. We did not finish dinner and sat on the sofa staring into space for an hour afterwards.

Bill then starts to talk to me about it. Head hung low, he said he liked looking at the sex. He missed it. Once a month was not enough (it is for me). And since I was not giving it to him, he would go to the study and jerk off. He said it did get him horny and wished I would give it more often. I told him I was tired from working at home all day. There was always so much to do. That night he decided to sleep on the sofa. It was the first time since we were married that we did not sleep in the same bed. I stayed up to write you this letter.

"I thought your column was just filler, but now I see that it has a value. Maybe not to everyone, but it did to me. So thank you. I took your advice to heart and now I'm back to fucking like a rabbit."

I'm sure we can figure it out in time, but we need some help right away. Is there any advice that will help?

– Mrs. Bill, TX

Dear Mrs. Bill, get off your high horse and give the man what he wants!!! It's not too much to spread your legs once a week for him. I know you would like it too. Seriously now, I see two problems. One is Bill's new sexual appetite and the other is surfing for porn. If you think about it, they can both be solved pretty easily it seems to me.

If I read between the lines, you are a housewife. Spending all day in the house or running household errands. Try to convince Bill (I'm sure it won't be difficult) to take you out to dinner once a week. That means no meal to

prepare or dished to do. That means you have time to dress up and make yourself feel pretty. That means you'll have time for nice conversation in a different environment to rekindle those flames. That means when you get home you have the rest of the evening in front of you. That means you have time to fool around and have sex, damn it!

To blame this all on Bill or see it as his problem is not fair to him. Both of you have to make an effort to resolve this issue because it most probably will not go away by itself, and may end hurting your relationship beyond repair. Instead of seeing his jerking off as a disgusting act, see it as a cry for help. Give it a try. Who knows, you might like it, again. —O

Dear Mistress Oralee,

Last week I re-read one of your columns in a previous issue of 40+. You were trying to help out some poor slob with his problem getting an erection. Well, I kinda laughed at it and your answer, but then realized you were right. I had never had that problem before until a couple weeks ago when my lady friend and I were making out and it didn't get hard. I was shocked and she played it off as no big deal. But as you said in your answer, it is a big deal to men. And it was big deal to me.

I thought your column was just filler between girlie photos, but now I see that it has a value. Maybe not to everyone, but it did to me. So thank you. I took your advice to heart and now I'm back to fucking like a rabbit. I even think that my dick is bigger than before. I've enclosed a photo of it. What do you think?

– Barry, AL

Dear Barry, nice cock. Glad you got it working again. Just be sure to keep it wrapped up when you're fucking all those bunnies. – O

















Letters From Our Readers

Comments on the magazine, the sexy ladies, and their thoughts on sex.

EYE ON FI

Dear Editor of 40+ magazine:

While reading your last issue noticed all the hand and finger gestures by Fiona. Is she signaling someone? Are those secret signs that mean nasty things? The cover is the most obvious with her fingers split into a V. That is a lesbian sign for licking pussy, isn't it?

Well, she's got a pussy I'd lick all day. She's really hot and in great shape for her age. Keep up the great work with the great models and photography. Just wanted to let you know.

- Michael, Boise

Thanks Michael, but we don't think there secret messages in her poses. If there are she didn't tell us, that's why they're secret. If anyone else can pick up her crypto-signs, please let us know. – Ed.

MEMBERSHIP HAS ITS PRIVILEGES

To the Editor,

I dropped by the local women's club to join and met this wonderful salesperson, Lacie, who explained all about membership and showed me around the facility. I signed up on the spot and went right in to work out and get a quick steam bath in before I left for my first day. Before I finished, Lacie came in for a steam, noticed I was there and gave me a hello. She said she had just gotten off work and usually took a steam before going home.

She came over and sat nearby and we continued to talk for quite a while. We were sitting there naked and I could see she was checking me out, and I have to admit I was checking her out too. She was a fine young thing compared to my 40-plus years, but

we seemed to get along really nicely. She complimented me on my figure and especially my breasts. She asked if they were real, and I said that they had been enhanced a few years ago after my third kid.



Fiona flexes secret symbol. Any takers?

She asked if she could touch them because she had never touched implanted boobies. I giggled like a schoolgirl and agreed. She reached over and cupped one and gave a gentle squeeze. Then she reached out with her other hand and cupped each one with a firm squeeze. A she pulled her hands away she brushed my nipples, on purpose, I think. I go back to making small talk with her and suddenly she asks if she can kiss them. I say absolutely not and grab my towel and head out. I looked for the manager to complain, but learned it was Lacie.

I went back to the steam room to confront her about her last action. I opened the door and saw her and another girl kissing with their hand down between each other's legs. I was appalled but went in to give her a piece of my mind. The two noticed me and without missing a beat, Lacie says she is sorry for making me uncomfortable and asks why I came back. I told her I was going to give her a piece of my mind, but then she stands up and I realize this gorgeous woman is totally naked in front of me and looking like a Greek goddess.

I don't remember the next words out of my mouth but now both women are standing on either side of me undoing my clothes and stripping me bare. Then each mouth finds one of my nipples and hands are now in my crotch and caressing me ass. I am melting from the heat. The temperature in there must have risen another ten degrees after this all started.

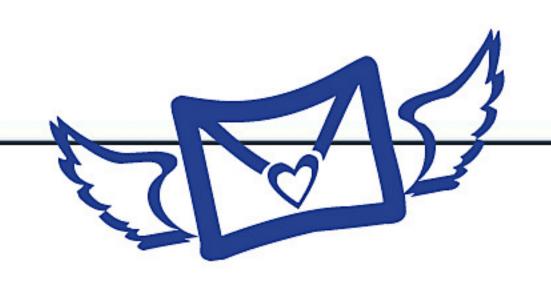
The two guide me over to the benches and sat me down opening my legs as they do. I lean back and Lacie kneels in front of me and begins to lick me. The other woman is sucking on my nipples and I am so aroused I cannot stand it. I start to moan loudly as her tongue makes me shudder and cum. She then backs off, sits on the bench next to me and invited the other lady to start licking her. I gather myself to watch as they enjoy each other's pussies and they cum quietly and fully as sweat envelopes them.

After a few minutes, I gather my clothes and try to sneak to the door. Lacie asks me if everything is okay. I respond it is and exit the steam room naked and headed for the locker room to dress and go home. When I get home I think back in the afternoon and start getting wet down there. I take a cold shower and go to bed. Waking up in the morning I thought it was all a dream but on the kitchen table was the membership card. Later that day I found myself grabbing a water bottle and my towel and headed for the gym. I thought to myself, why not, I paid for it.

- Cathleen, Atlanta

MY SPANISH LESSON

Since you all have a mag about older wom-



en, I though I'd share a little story that you would appreciate. I took Spanish in high school some twenty years ago and hat a hot little tamale of a teacher. Her name was Miss Carmen and she was dark sweet and sultry. Her English was not that great but she got her points across. She gave me a "C" for the class and that, I thought, was very generous. I was window shopping at the mall in our part of town and noticed an older woman that looked like her.

"Sorry, I just remembered my parking ticket's going to run out in five minutes... Hey, would you like to come over for some drinks? I'd love to hear more about what you've been up to." Realizing I had nothing better to do, we ran to the garage, and once in the car continued our conversation. She pulled up in front of house and we were going in for drinks, I thought.

"What would you like to drink?" she said.

become." Getting more turned on by the minute, my erection was getting harder inside my pants. After a few minutes, she came over to me and kissed her way down my chest sliding smoothly between my legs and unzipped my pants.

Pulling my cock out, she licked up the shaft, then circled the head and took me inside her mouth. She licked and sucked my cock like a woman who hadn't eaten for days. Loud slurping noises that were almost a distraction filled the room. She lifted my cock to get at my balls and began to nuzzle and suck on them. First one was engulfed with a swirling motion and then the other as her mouth filled with my jewels.

I just stood there in the middle of the living room looking down as my old Spanish teacher was blowing me. What a mindbender that was. Her mouth released my balls and went back to sucking my cock. She stood up after another minute and stepped behind me. She reached around and grabbed my throbbing cock and began to masturbate me. Her hands knew exactly how to do this, a lot like doing it myself, and she jerked her hand back and forth stroking me hard. All the time she was whispering Spanish in my ear. I recognized most of what she said but lost my concentration when I finally came and gushed it onto the hardwood floor. My knees buckled but I managed to compose myself and zip up. After an awkward moment she escorted me to her front door and offered to dive me back to the mall. I politely declined and left as I thanked her for the lesson.

Robert(o), Houston

If you have something to say to us, then go write ahead. You can send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.



walked by her once, convinced myself it was her and circled back to asks her if she was Miss Carmen. She looked at me and said "Roberto is that you?" I said it was and we instantly started to talk about school and the class. After a few minutes, I asked if she would like to get some coffee and rehash some of my silliness in class. She laughed and said she had some time and would love to.

"Please call me Carmen now, Robert, we are out of class and I haven't been teaching in over ten years. She says. I found her surprisingly easy to talk to, until we must have been chatting for about ten minutes.

I replied that a beer would be fine, and couldn't help staring at her behind as she walked away into the kitchen. Her booty was nicely large but shapely. She returned with two beers and sat down right next to me. We talked for a while and she undid a couple buttons on her blouse making herself more comfortable. When I'd finished my drink I told I had to leave.

"Roberto," she said, her voice a little more demanding than before. "I'm not your teacher anymore. "I knew right away what she was going to say and I didn't know what to do. She leaned forward and whispered: "Show me the man that you've

Dr Sabrina returns with some words for

Hello doctor,

I think I need some help. I'm what used to be, and still may be, called a star-fucker. I'm obsessed with celebrity and cannot get it out of my mind. I used to live n Los Angeles, but moved away so I was not around celebrities. But even now when a major movie or musical comes to my town, I strain to see what famous male actors are in it and try to get to them. I don't consider myself a stalker, but whenever a male celeb is around, I cannot seem to control myself and want to get near them.

You may wonder what that has to do with you and why am I writing you, but let me tell you about how it stared and maybe that will help you, and me. I was a small-town Midwest girl that went to Hollywood in the late Sixties hoping to become a movie star. I tried everything to get into the movies. I took acting lessons, auditioned, and even slept with casting agents and directors to try to get parts. While that was somewhat successful, things never really fell into place for me. After five years, I was getting more and more frustrated with my lack of good parts and I slipped into alcohol and drug stupors. It was also the era of free love and I sure was free with it. One night after attending an awards show in Hollywood, I met a famous actor - let's call him Jack - and we started talking. He invited me out for a drink with his group and I accepted. I knew he had a reputation as a womanizer, but I felt I could hold my own. When we got in the limo, I noticed I was the only one in it with him. When I asked where the others were, he told me they were in their own car and would meet us at the nightclub we were going to. That was about an hour away. The drive started normally and I quickly learned what a smooth talker Jack was. He plied me

Dr. Sabrina has some wise words for our readers. She tries to make sense of love, sex and what women want from their men.

If you have questions about the opposite sex, then Dr. Sabrina has the answer.

Read on!



with booze and told me how beautiful I was. That I would be a famous actress someday, and he really liked me. After a few drinks in the limo, the swaying of the car in traffic, and Jack's barrage of compliments, I started feeling very comfortable. I had lost track of time.

I sensed we had stopped at a stoplight and Jack asked for a kiss. I blushed but obliged him. He was a great kisser. After a few minutes of tongue wrestling, I felt his hand slip under my dress. I did not mind and opened my legs a little

bit more to accommodate his advance. As we broke the lip lock, I noticed the privacy window going up and saw the driver's head disappear behind it. We were now making out like college kids as I unbuttoned his shirt and kissed his chest, nibbling on his nipples and working my way down to his belt. I unzipped him and let his straining manhood loose in my hand. I squeeze it as he tensed his love muscle and it pushed back. My lips had now reached it and I started licking and sucking it as the streetlights and headlights whizzed past as illuminated blurs. I especially liked the right hand turns we made as the momentum pushed my mouth harder onto his cock. At the next red light Jack straighten up and pulled his pants off and then had my dress off by the time the light turned green. I was left in my garter belt and stockings and he was only wearing a bow tie and his famous smile.

We hugged and kissed almost naked. He explored my breasts with his hands and mouth until my nipples were sore from his hungry sucking. When I told him they were beginning to hurt, he turned his attentions to my pussy and began to lick it. He noticed I was shaven and said he had never seen a shaved pussy. I was a little bit ahead of my time when it came to that, I guess, but I liked the was it felt and it was a way for my lovers to remember me. Jack would take my labia tight between his lips and pull on them. It felt great and he was good at it. I was laying back on the seat with one leg wrapped over his head and the other on the floor as he probed my pussy deeply. He pushed my legs up to the ceiling of the limo and I braced myself for his continuous attentions to my pussy. As the driver made a turn I fell over him and onto the limo floor and we both got a good laugh out of it. He was a lot of fun naked.

Rachel and her fixation for celebrity sex...

We collected ourselves and I knelt on the limo floor and bent over onto the back seat. I offered my butt to him and he thrust his hard cock into my soaking wet pussy. I moaned as he entered me and began to pump it. He took one of my legs and put it up on the seat forcing them more open and giving him better access to my sweet prize. Jack pounded it into me for what seemed to be an hour as I noticed the car had not been moving. I also noticed that the privacy window was down and the top of the driver's head was showing with his beady little eyes peeking at us. Jack was finishing with me as I lay on my back on the back seat. I don't know if he came inside me or didn't come at all. I was in a tizzy from everything that had just happened. The driver announced we had arrived at the club. Jack got dressed quickly and was straightening himself as he told the driver to take me home. I mildly protested as he closed the door behind him and the limo took off out of the parking lot.

The rest of the evening was an even bigger blur, but I did get home and awoke the next day thinking what a great ride that had been. I was enamoured with Jack and his bad boy ways. I don't know what would have happened if I went into the club with him that night, but now, I just want him more. In a strange way, it's as much the drinking and the sex that I want as the fact that was with a major celebrity. And I want it with a face from the movies. I never ran into Jack again, but in the following years all I did was try to get around celebs. I went to their parties, hung out at the studios, even bribed their managers for some sack time with them. I wanted to be fucked by that face on the screen; that larger than life man with the dick that didn't disappoint. Although, admittedly, some did.

After ten long years in Hollywood and getting nowhere, my best friend convinced me to leave the town. She told me that I was spiraling downwards from my obsessions, and if I didn't leave I would soon be dead. I didn't want to listen. I wanted to go to the movies to find the next hunk to sleep with. After some convincing, I moved away and settled down a little. I tried to stop going to the movies and watching the TV celebrity shows. But I still go back to that night with Jack.

So Dr. Sabrina, do I have a sex addiction? One that focuses on celebrity? How can I get over it? There are celebs everywhere you turn. On the TV, in the tabloids and of course in the movies. Please don't tell me to see a shrink. I have and all they did was take my money. I need some common sense advice to get rid of this vice. Can you please help me?

- Rachel, now in Des Moines

Dearest Rachel,

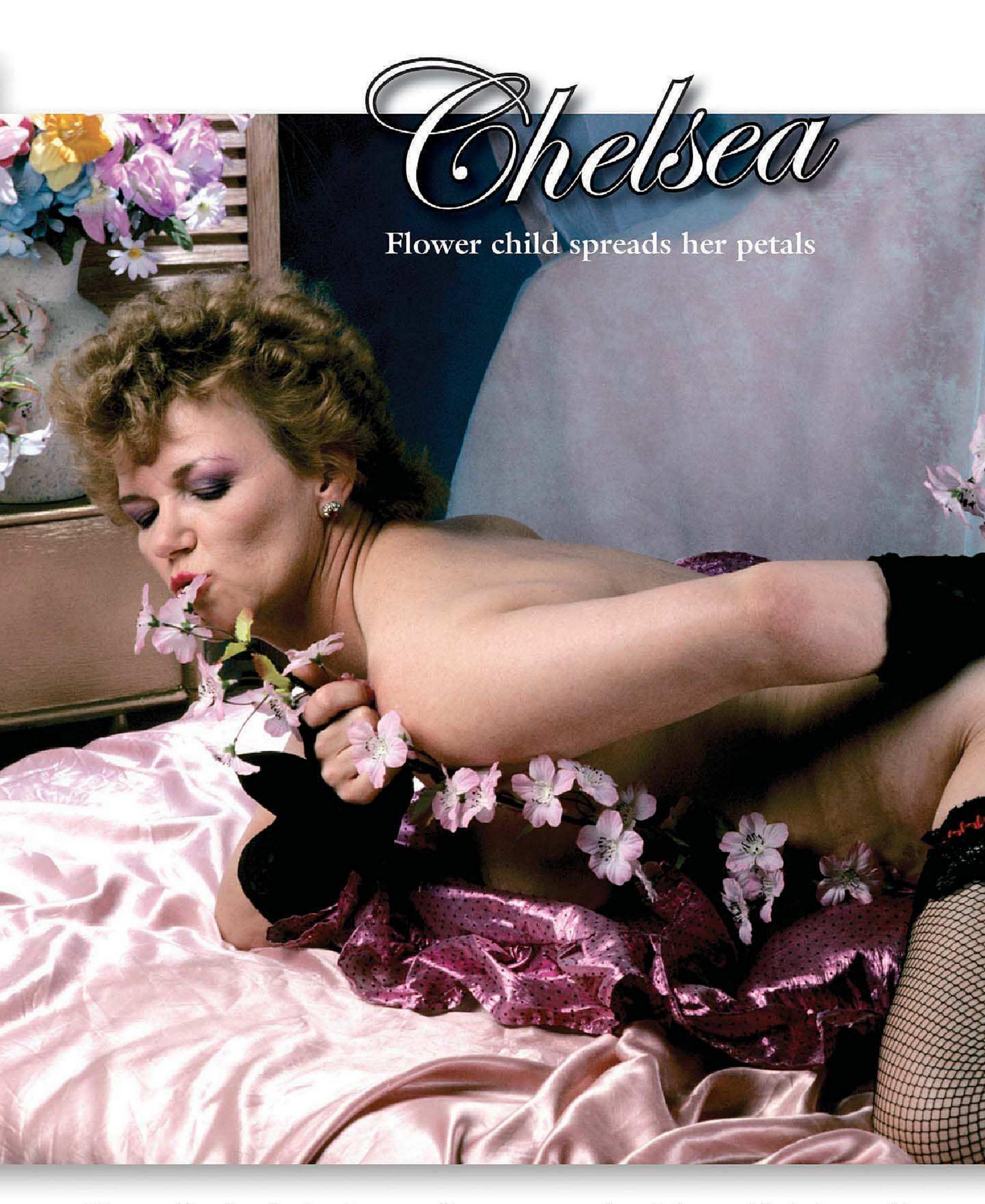
First, thank you for writing to me. I do hope this following bit of advice will be helpful. In all my years I have not been confronted with this combination of factors, but I think they are basic problems that can be addressed successfully.

Your infatuation with celebrity is not unusual. Many people, especially women, are into famous men. The fantasy of meeting or being with one became your reality and it burned a memory in you with conflicting feelings. There is the power, the fame and the cult of celebrity that has a pull that's hard to fight. Then there's the sex. Yours was woven into an evening at a time of less inhibition, so it was not a negative experience. Even when you mentioned

that he did not invite you into the club but sent you home, you did not say you were mad or felt used. You enjoyed the experience and dwelled on who you were with rather than how you were treated. So what could have been bad or demeaning sexual escapade was still viewed by you differently. Now in your later years, I assume you are over fifty, those thoughts won't go away and you're afraid of them haunting you for the rest of your life. Especially since the prospect of meeting and having sex with a movie star is now probably quite remote. I also do not believe that you have a sex addiction. You do not mention sleeping around to the point that you go out of your way to have sex anytime, anywhere, with anyone.

You did not say if you are or ever were married. I mention this because, if you are, your partner can be a great asset in trying to get over this. If you are not, then the road may be more difficult. If you are currently married, confide this with your mate if you haven't already. Ask him to be more attentive and fill your time with more of his. Talk to him about this in ways that are cathartic. Don't hold anything back. If you are living alone, solicit help from some of your friends to help fill your time, and your mind. If you keep yourself occupied there is less mental time spent thinking about celebs. While you cannot totally exclude them, you can replace the amount of time spent thinking about them, and therefore the influence they have on your thoughts and feelings.

These are my common sense answers. I do not recommend a shrink. I do recommend friends or spouses to help you get through this. Keep in mind. If you want to help yourself, you can, but it takes work and determination. Good luck Rachel. – Dr. S.



I love making love in the afternoon. I want to see my lover's face and body. I want him to



see mine. I want to see that big hard cock that I'm sucking and I want him to see my pussy.







I want him to see the ecstasy on my face when I'm ready to cum for him.



I want him to see the cum spurt from his dick and watch me drink it up.







Letters From Our Readers

Comments on the magazine, the sexy ladies, and our readers' thoughts on sex.

Steele resolved

Dear 50+,

My god! Rachel Steele is a knockout! Your covergirl and the photos inside were really great. For a fifty-year-old she is hot, hot, hot! But seriously she doesn't look fifty, but it doesn't matter to me. She's still hot, hot, hot.

I love her boobs and her hot pussy. And she looks like she enjoys showing them to us. I'm one who loves to look at them. Keep up the hot, hot, hot work and show us more good stuff!

- Sebastian, New Orleans

T-Bird in the hand

To the Editor at 50+,

About six months ago I put a wanted ad on the internet looking for an older model Ford that I could fix up. I was specifically looking for a '66 T-Bird in good condition so the work would be minimal. I got an email back from a lady saying she had a blue one, but it needed work. She said it was her son's but he gave up on fixing it and now it was an "eyesore" in her driveway. I emailed back saying I would love to take a look at it – and no T-Bird could ever be an eyesore. She emailed back laughingly apologizing for calling it that, and I could come over on the weekend to take a look at it.

We agreed that I would come over at 1:00 in the afternoon, and after a little trouble finding her house, I showed up ten minutes late. She was cool with that, and as a matter of fact she was a real cool lady – Elsie. Her car was an '86 Mercedes that she called her baby

and, man, did she keep it in great condition. And as another matter of fact, she was in great condition, too. After some car talk, she told me she was fifty-two and a widow. After trying to start the old T-Bird and having no luck, I told her I was still interested in it and we eventually agreed on a price. I told her I would hire a tow truck and come by late tomorrow to get the car. She said fine and I gave her five hundred of the fifteen hundred dollars to hold it for me.



Hottie Rachel Steele is one sexy mama on the cover of 50+ #28. With a perfect body and great attitude, Rachel is typical of today's uninhibited senior sexpots!

Next day I show with the tow truck and we hauled the car off to my garage. It needed quite a bit of work so I arranged for a couple weeks off from work to get started on it. After a week of constant work on it I noticed that I did not have the car keys. I emailed Elsie asking if she had them and she

said she would look around. Later that day she emailed me again saying that her son had them and he was bringing them by her house for me to pick them up. I asked if I could come over around suppertime and get them from her. She said that would be fine and added that If I wanted to stay for a bit, she would fix us both a light supper and I could be on my way.

I said "Sure!" and arrived at her place about 6:30 all cleaned up from a long day under the car. She answered the door dressed very nicely and the smell of garlic and onions frying filled the house. Instantly I was turned on by the prospect of a tasty dinner. And it didn't disappoint. And neither did she.

Elsie was great conversationalist as well as a great cook. We talked and laughed throughout the meal as I asked why she was still unmarried after seven years a window. She answered that men her age were not appealing to her. "Too steadfast in their ways." she said. She asked why I was so interested in T-Birds and we bantered back and forth for a few hours as she expressed quite a bit of knowledge about cars. I soon realized it was nearing nine pm and stood to excuse myself, but asked if I could help her do the dishes. She politely said she could do them and escorted me to the door. Before she opened it, I just bent over to give her a little kiss thank you on the cheek, but she turned her face – to kiss her lips. I was a little surprised, but accepted them onto mine and we kissed lightly at first, then more passionately.

After what seemed to be an eternity, she asked if I would indeed help her with the dishes. and we headed



back into the kitchen. We made more small talk, but our words became a bit more intimate. However, I did begin to help her wash the dishes as she dried them. We talked on standing next to each other at her double sink, hands soaked in dishwater and pots and pans. Now, I was not a great dishwasher. Never have been, and I got my entire front wet with water. My shirt and pants were pretty wet as we finished and joked about it. Without missing a beat she began to undo my shirt buttons and then my belt and pants. I didn't think too much of it, just get out of those wet things. She said to follow her and she'd give me some dry clothes to put on.

We ended up in a guest bedroom where she opened up a closet and found an oversize shirt for me. Before she could find pants, I pulled her to me and slipped my hand between her legs and made my way up to her panties. She initially gasped but then broke into a smile as I navigated my way to her pussy. She was warm, wet and excited as I felt my cock become rock hard. She closed her eyes and started moving her ass from side to side. In this light she looked twenty years younger and I was really turned on by now.

Elsie's boobs were fabulous, big and soft to the touch. I started sucking her nipples. She slipped her hand down to my pants and in one motion swept them off me and on to the floor. She reached for my cock and balls and started fondling them. She spread her legs wider as I placed my fingers inside her wet pussy. She began to rock back and forth and I felt her hand squeeze my cock even tighter. I set her on her back with legs hanging off



Letters From Our Readers

More comments on the magazine, the sexy ladies, and thoughts on sex.

the bed. Getting on my knees, I lifted her skirt to expose her beautiful pussy. It had blonde wispy hair and looked soft and inviting, not what I imagined a fifty-year-old pussy to look like. I began to lick her – sucking on her delicious juices. I propped her legs over my shoulders so I could get in closer. My tongue worked faster and deeper and when I pit my fingers inside her, I felt her wriggle with each trust and wiggle. I stood and slipped my tongue deep into her mouth as she seized my tongue, sucking her own juices off it.

Het her catch her breath before I straddled her face and put my cock into her mouth. She grabbed it with her hand and just before it went in, her tongue flashed out and licked the drops off the tip of it. She finally guided it into her mouth with her other hand tickling my balls with her fingernails. It felt really good as I pushed my cock in and out as she licked my rod with her tongue. After a few minutes of this nirvana, I pulled out of her mouth and put her legs over my shoulders. She grabbed my rocket and guided it into her pussy. I started to pump her hole deeper and deeper. I was close to coming so I began to pull out but she grabbed my asscheeks and whispered to stay in and cum inside her. I thrust a few more times and she came with me – still inside her. We lay spent on the bed, in each other's arms and slept the night away.

I left in the morning exhausted from the night's activities, but have to admit I had a huge smile on my face. When I got home, I turned on the computer to read my emails. There was a note from Elsie. Seems I forgot to take the keys to the T-Bird. She told me to come over right away. I told her I'd be right there. She greeted me with coffee and a smile and we have been great friends ever since.

Ray K., Denver

Hey Ray K. – we loved your letter. It proves that sex with a fifty-year-old can be as exciting as with any twenty-year-old. And it comes with less risk, too. It's because of men like you that we look for and publish our magazine. Thanks once again for proving our point. – Ed.

away from a heart attack. I bet you she has given a heart attack or two in her life. I love her big nipples. They would fill my mouth nicely and as I sucked on them, they would get even bigger. And she's juicy, too. I mean that when I fuck her, she'll have all her cunt juices flowing and then I would take my big cock out of her pussy and lick her dry.

I hope Mary is going to re-appear in your magazine sometime. I would buy



Mary IS extraordinary

Dear editors,

I'm writing about that vixen, Mary, that just appeared in your magazine. She looks so sweet and innocent and then you turn the page and she's laying there wide open for all to see.

Mary seems like such a nice person. The grandma kinda lady who is nice to the grand kids and then fucks so hard that her husband is just one stroke that issue, too. But before I sign off, will you print one more picture of her.

Jason, Portland

Okay Jason, but only since you promised to buy her next issue. – Ed.

If you have something to say to us, then go write ahead. You can send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them — or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

You have something to say to us?

We have some satisfied readers, and some not so much, but all are welcome to let us know what they think!

GORGEOUS GAMS

I've been a leg man my whole life. As a freshman in college I remember my first fascination with legs. By the time I was a senior I had fucked twenty coeds and loved all their forty legs. Now I'm in my late thirties and gorgeous gams just drive me nuts, I barely think about breasts and vaginas. It's all legs and toes.

just love to suck toe. That's ten tiny delectable digits I can put in my mouth and work them with my tongue and suck on them as hard as I want because it rarely hurts the girl. The toes have to me nicely manicured and if she has just been to the salon, I can still smell the toenail polish and that is an even bigger turn on.

Now, because of my "fetish" I have to careful of who I try to sleep with. So, I tell all my potential partners right up front that I love toes and legs and you would be surprised how many are either into it or want to try it. Many of them say I'm the best lover they have ever had because I'm not all about boobs and pussies.

Since I rarely fuck a girl anymore, I like to have my cock massaged and masturbated by their feet. There's nothing lovelier than to see ten toes down there stroking my rod. And many times she'll be willing to stick her toe in my asshole more so than her fingers or tongue, so I can get that extra little favor, too.

So tell your readers that we leg men are out there and proud of what we like. We know how to please women and we know how they like it.

Shel, Brooklyn

HOT STRUTS

picked up your magazine with Serena on the cover a couple weeks ago and have looked at it several times. I was talking with a co-worker about one of the hot chick at the office and learned something new

Sereng SUPER SEX SIREN SAVE STOCKINES ARE COOL

about fashion - the pencil skirt. For those who don't know, they are tight skirts that usually go below the knee and are tapered smaller towards the bottom. They give the wearer a long slender look and accentuate the butt and showcase the calf.

Anyway, we were discussing Brenda, the hot chick, and we both commented on how great her legs looked in that skirt. She apparently has a few of them because she wears one almost every day. But one day she wore stockings with a black line down the back and I got really turned

on. I had never thought much of women's legs, especially as a sexual turn on, but seeing her like that really did something to me. Now I fantasize about sleeping with stockinged women and stripping them down and out of that skirt.

While your magazine did not have any skirts in the issue I bought, it did have some great legs on some great looking women. The cover girl was really hot and I think now that I've become attracted to panty-hose. So keep up the good work and if you would put a pencil skirt in an issue or two that would be great, I wouldn't even mind if the was only one shot or two of it before she takes it off.

ASS MAN OR LEG MAN?

Asses rule. There's nothing like pushin' the cushin' but when I saw your mag with the blonde chick Serena on the cover, I nearly creamed in my pants. Now I think I'm becoming a leg man. When I opened the mag and looked at her, and the other chicks in it, man was I blown away. Now I can't decide if I like legs or asses.

I'll tell you what I did like and that was picture of Serena on her knees with her ass in the air. I feel like I could grab her by the ankles and slip my dick into her pink pussy as she opens her pussy lips to make way for me. And there were a couple other shots that showed great legs

Scott, Baltimore



We have to admit, like the viewers, that legs and asses just go together like peanut butter and jelly. The legs start at the toes and end up at the butt. What a great trip up her anatomy that is. And it's nice between them, too.

Hey Scott, thanks for the fashion tip. We'll be looking out for the pencil skirt. As editors, we couldn't think of a better name. And we like your idea too, so we've instructed our photographers to include one in their upcoming shoots. — Ed.

and asses. Hey, maybe that's an idea for you. Why don't you do a mag called ASSES and LEGS or LEGS and ASSES. I'm sure you would double your readership. If you do, I want a cut.

Sammy, Jacksonville

You have something to say to us?

We have some satisfied readers, and some not so much, but all are welcome to let us know what they think!

MONIKA MAYHEM

I'M IN LOVE. And you guys are to blame. Damn is there anyone finer than Monika? If there is I haven't seen her yet. This girl is a stunner. She has a great body, great hair, great legs, great tan and one helluva beautiful pussy. In all my years of fucking, I've never seen one that delicious looking.

If she was my girl, I'd suck her toes every night. It would be all I could do because her pussy would be sore from

around and bend over and I'd fuck her from behind while she grabbed onto her ankles. As I was ready to cum, she'd turn around and I'd cum on her boobs. Then go back to work. When I came home, she'd be laid out on the dining room table with a slice of pizza put into the V between her legs so could eat the pizza and her at the same time. Then I would take a glass of wine and pour it down my cock as she drank from the tip and gave me a hummer at the same time.

Finally, after I came once again, she would lick me dry and she'd fall asleep with my dick in her mouth. Now that's love.

- Richard, Louisiana

Damn Richard, that was our dream, too! — Ed.

LEGGY COMMENTARY

I'm a dance instructor in Chicago and I teach college students and soccer moms. I have some really of it. I was standing nearby collecting the towels when I saw it fall and picked it up for her.

She seemed a little embarrassed, but I handed it back to her with a joking – "Reading material for the train?" We both laughed and she explained it was with some of the stuff her ex left behind and she had looked at it and kinda liked it. She said she liked looking at the girls legs. I told her she had great legs and she that she worked hard for them. Apparently that wasn't good enough and opened the magazine to show me a blonde girl with, admittedly, great legs. "That's what I want mine to look like." she said. I told her she was almost there and a bit more work and she could have legs like that. She smiled and thanked me.

We sat on a workout bench and looked at the rest of the magazine together for another hour. She commented on every picture about every girl. She talked bout their legs, of course, but also about their hair, their makeup, the angles they were shot at, their pussies and their asses. We spent a lot of time looking at and commenting on legs, but it was fun and she seemed to get off on talking about them.

We didn't do anything more that day, nor any other since. She comes in as her schedule allows and now seems to work even harder for great legs. All thanks to your magazine.

Simon, Chicago

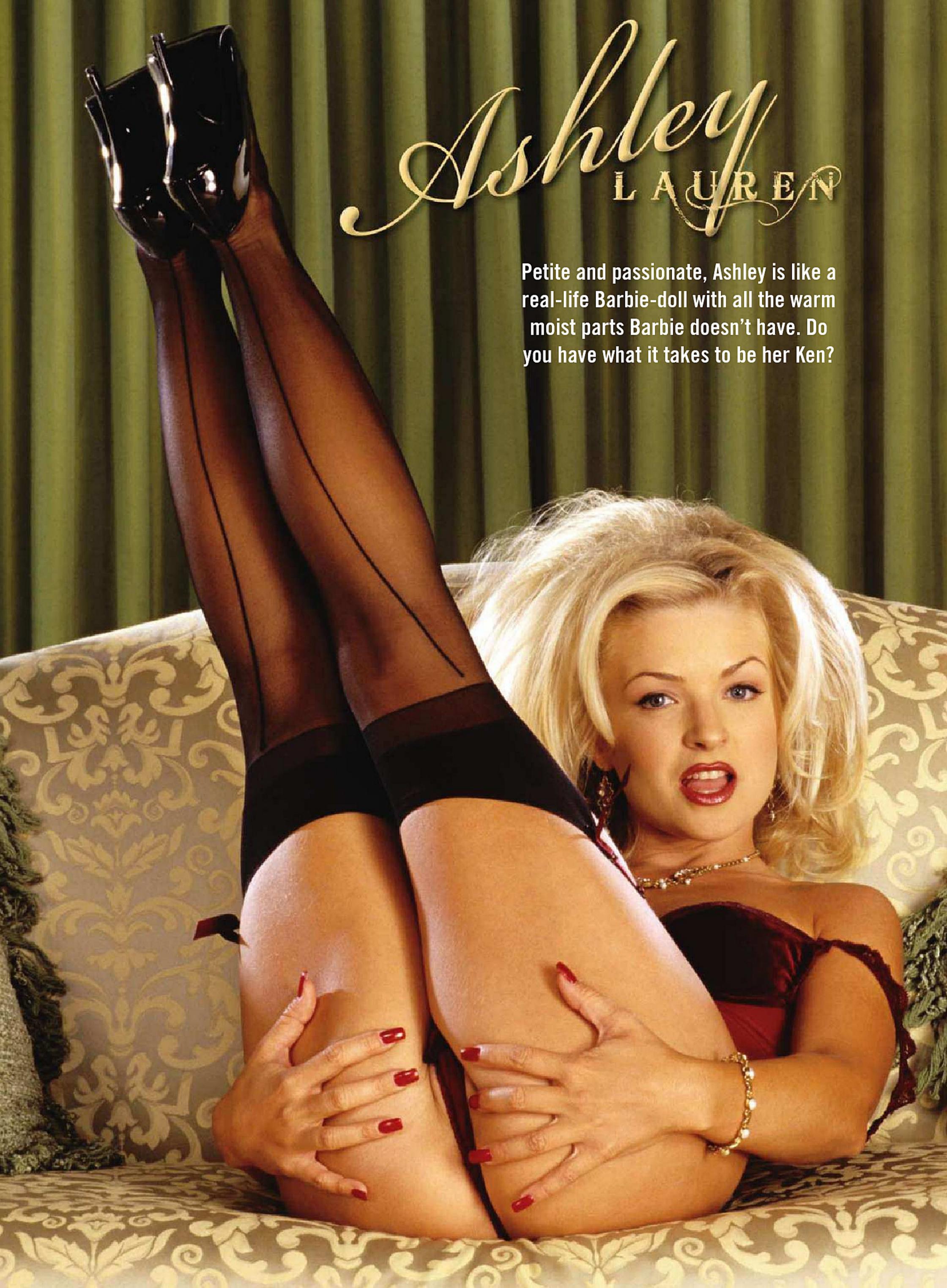


all the fucking I would give her. I'd do her five — no — ten times a day. Something like this...

I'd come home for lunch from my job and she'd be ready for my cock, which would already be hard before I even got to the door. Then she would greet me on her knees and suck my dick while I ate the sandwich she prepared for me. Then she would stand up and turn

Then I would go to bed exhausted from work (and sex with her). In the middle of the night, she would wake me up, just a little, with her mouth around my dick and suck it until it got hard. She would suck on my balls while pumping my dick with her hands. Next she would sit on my dick in a reverse cowgirl so I could watch be beautiful butt and stick my finger in it.

attractive ladies in my classes and a few have been with me for a couple years. In that time they have developed some nice looking legs. Not the deeply muscular ones like professional dancers, but toned and firm. Well one of those was a soccer mom who was only six months divorced. She was a hard worker and we had become friends during classes. One day she was finishing up and getting her gym bag when your magazine fell out







I love to masturbate. I have a nice little collection of toys, but I especially like the small vibes that I can take out with me.





The most number of times I've had sex in one day? It was three or four. I was so exhausted by the end so I don't remember.











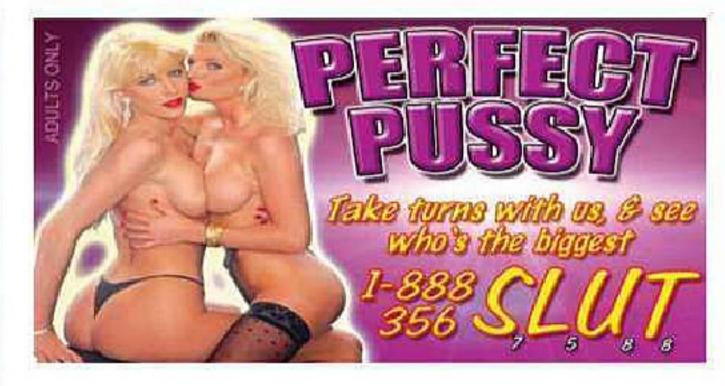












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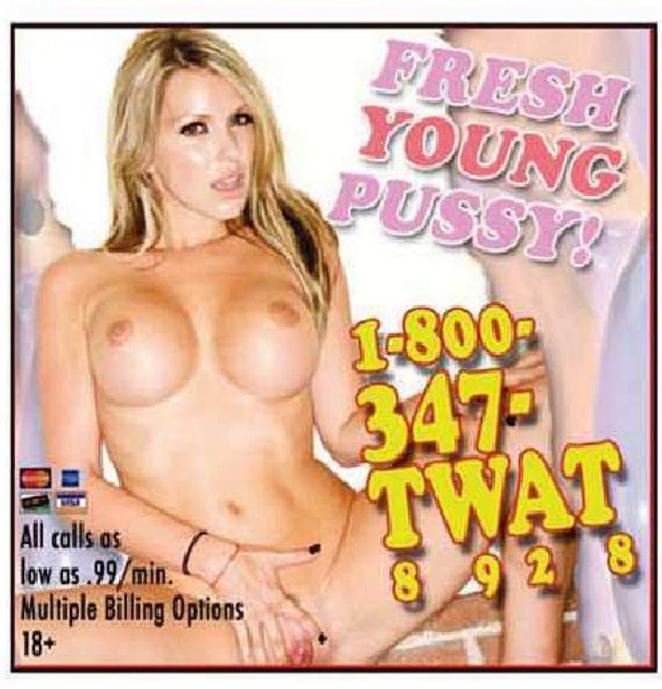


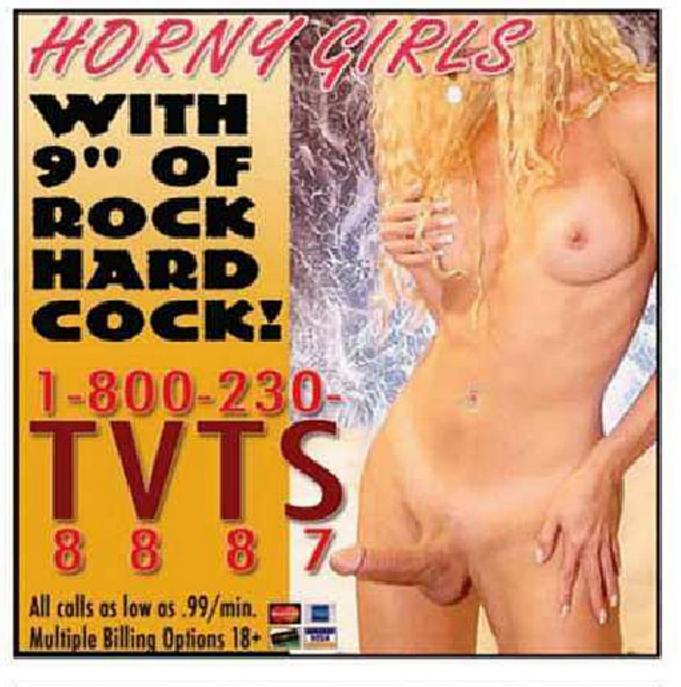




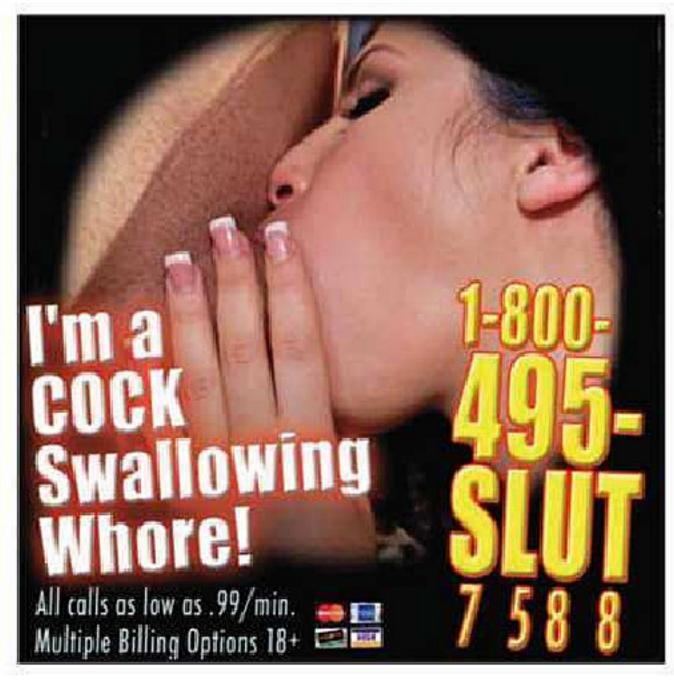








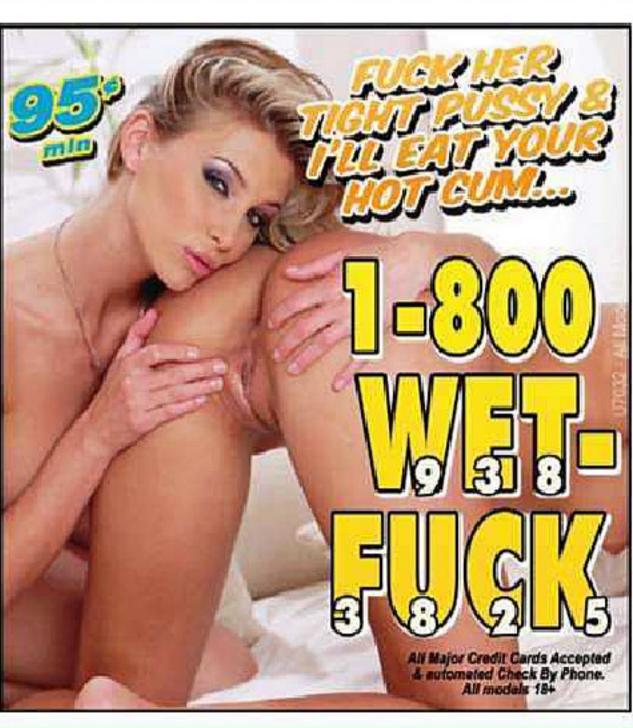


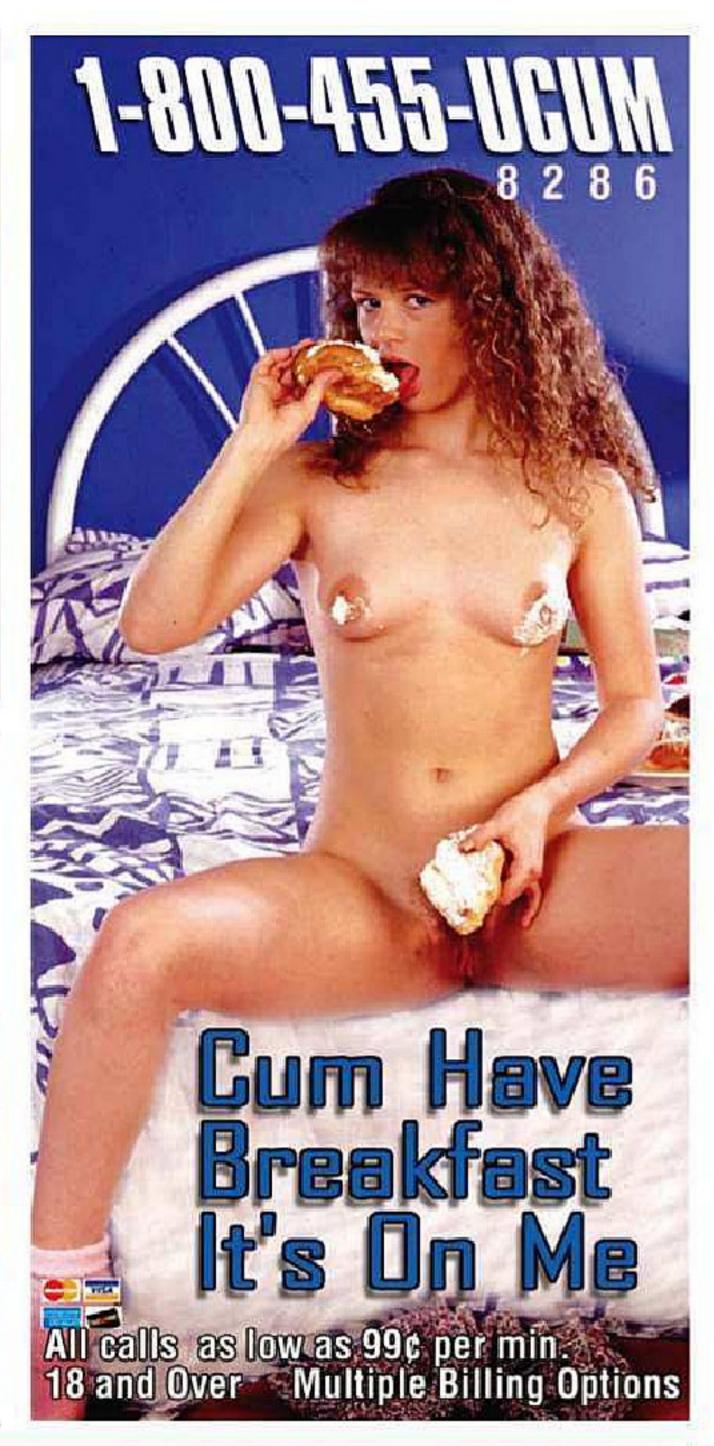






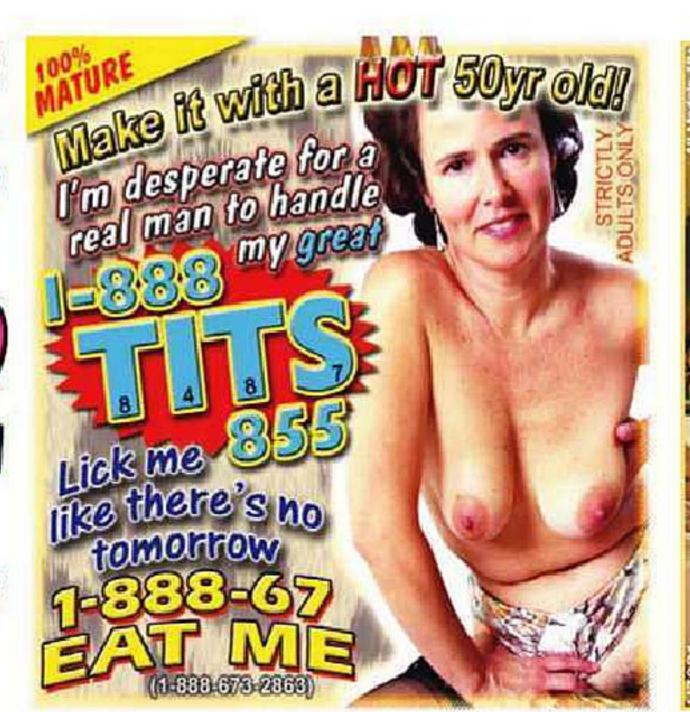


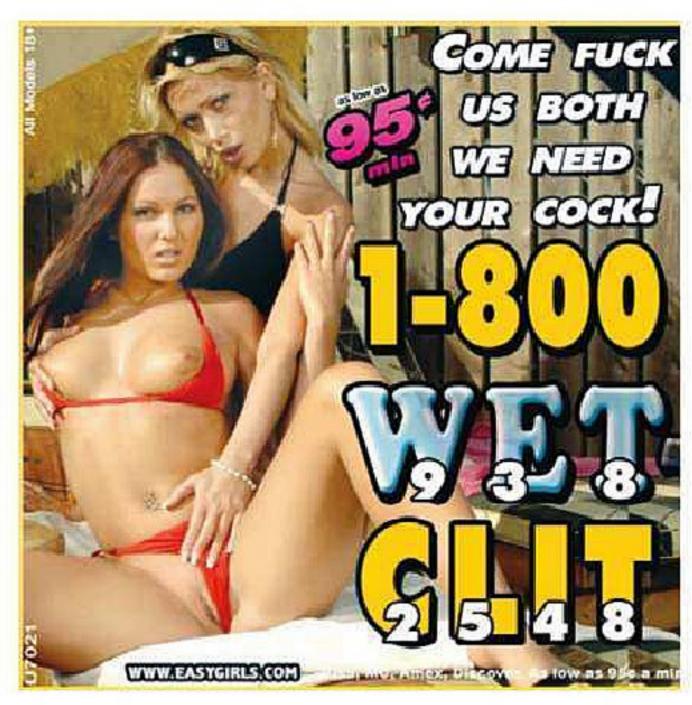




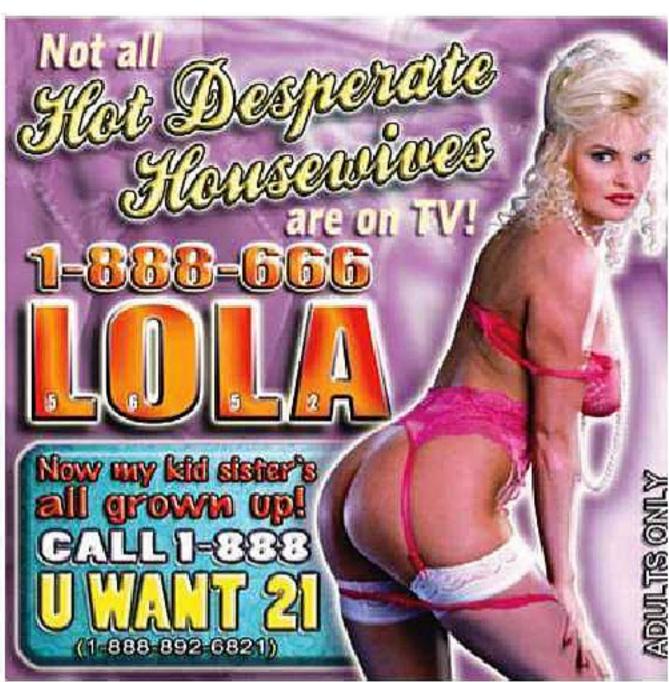
















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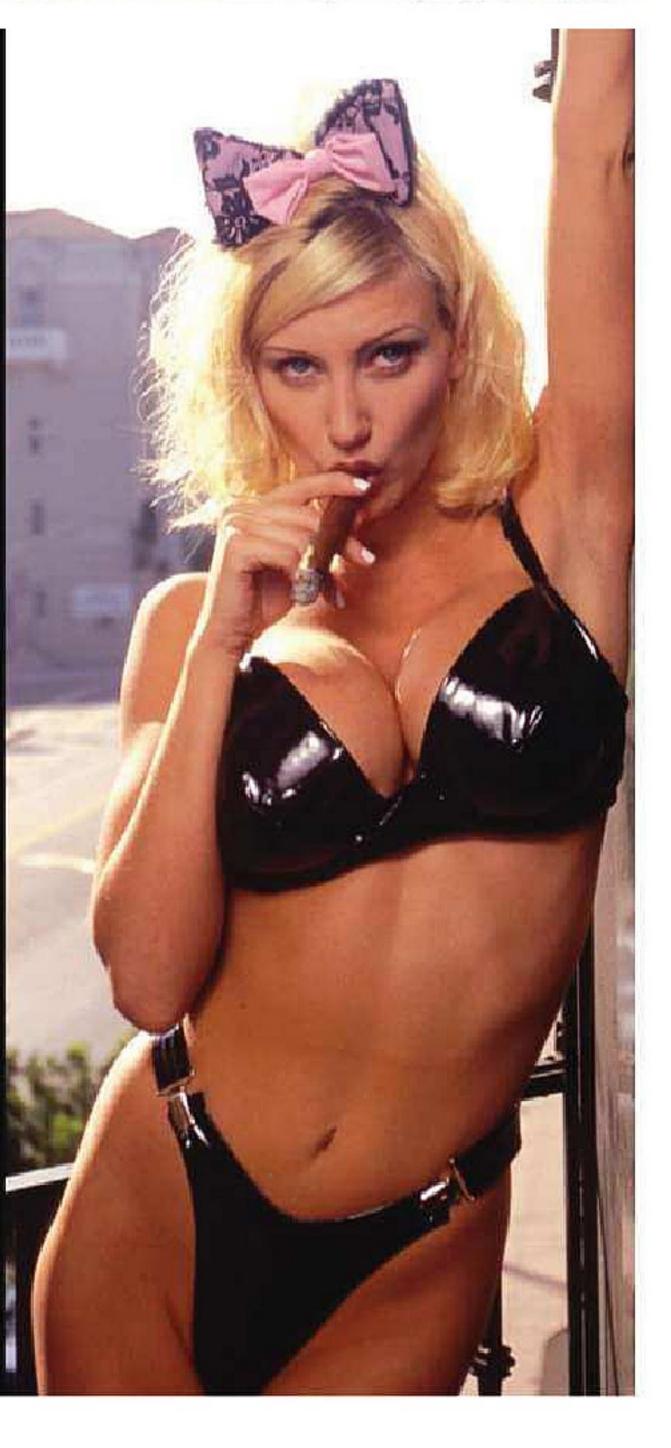
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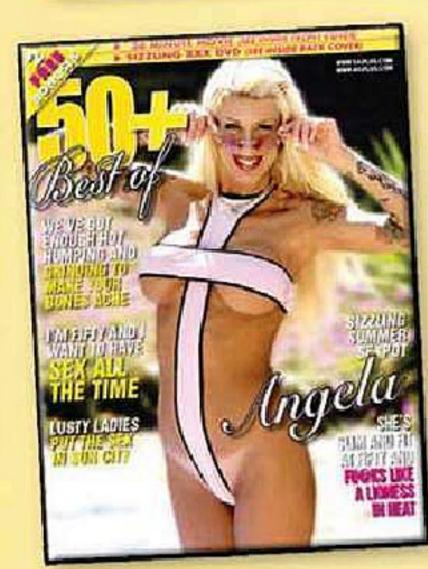


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